

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

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WINSTON, N. C.

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THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER,
Winston, N. C.

Winston, N. C., March 24, 1886.

[This paper entered as second class matter at the Post Office in Winston, N. C.]

As an inducement to clubs we will send a club of six for one year to any postoffice for ten dollars, or to any one sending us a club of five, with ten dollars, we will send one copy one year free.

We send out weekly a large number of specimen copies of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER. Will our friends receiving these papers do us the kindness to hand them to a neighbor after reading, and thus aid us in the circulation of our paper? This is a farmer's journal, intended for them, and with their co-operation and assistance we can make it a power for their good.

The electoral count bill passed the Senate last Wednesday.

Twenty-eight thousand men are on a strike in three coal mining districts of Pennsylvania.

Ex-President Jefferson Davis will deliver the memorial address at Montgomery, Alabama, April 26th.

The new Roman Catholic Bishop of Georgia is master of fourteen languages and is said to be very learned.

The influx of Chinese into Augusta, Ga., of late has been so great that the citizens talk of taking steps to prevent their coming.

"Old Sorrell," the horse that Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson rode during the war, died at the Soldier's Home, in Richmond, Va., 15th inst.

Our friends of the State press will do us a kindness which we will appreciate if they will call attention in their editorial columns to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER. A kind word will help us much.

A Connecticut farmer clears his growing cabbages from worms by sifting cayenne pepper on the leaves. He says two or three applications will suffice to effectually put an end to the worm.

The new national bank, at High Point, has been organized with the following officers: W. J. Armfield, President; Dr. J. A. Sapp, Vice-President, and Charles W. Worth, cashier. The bank will begin business about the 1st of June.

Dr. Henry Bollen, a Georgia dentist, one night recently was waylaid by four colored footpads and invited to surrender his cash. He responded by drawing a pistol, killing one, wounding another, capturing a third, while the fourth took leg bail and escaped.

Large numbers of aged, diseased and disabled Chinese are being sent back to China by their people in California, who find it enough to do in the present state of feeling against them on the Pacific coast, to take care of themselves.

Capt. James I. Waddell, a native of Orange county, North Carolina, died at his home in Annapolis, Md., on 16th inst., aged 62. He was an officer in the U. S. navy, but when the war broke out he resigned and enlisted in the service of the Confederacy, commanding the Shenandoah, which did much damage to merchant vessels sailing under the U. S. flag. For several years past he had been in command of the Maryland fishery police squadron.

STOCK RAISING.

Naturally there is no better country in the world for stock raising than the South, with its wide range of forest and fertile valleys, where every kind of grass suitable for stock may be grown successfully and with little labor. Notwithstanding this, the South, Southern farmers, import annually millions of pounds of beef and pork from Western farmers, and thousands of horses and mules to do the work of the farm, which could be, and should be, raised within our own borders. It is not simply the money that it costs to buy the beef, pork, horses and mules, which should be considered, though that is a very large amount, but the actual value of stock as aids to the improvement of the land and as sources of profit outside of that. With stock, our grass and fodder fields whether wild or cultivated become the manure furnishes to strengthen and enrich the soil upon which the grain or other crops grow and without which we are forced to resort to imported fertilizers at a high price, which simply stimulate the soil for a time but do not permanently benefit it. If we continue to take from the land annually without giving back to it, it is only a question of time when it will cease to give us anything to take, when it will be worn out and starved beyond the power to bear crops of any kind. It must have food, as nature fed it with plant food from the beginning and brought it from sterility to fertility. If we plant from year to year and fail to feed it in return, eventually it goes back to its original sterility, and we have, what every farmer should be ashamed to acknowledge as his, worn out lands.

But we can't feed the land unless we raise something to feed it with. Cotton will not do it; tobacco will not do it, for they both take away from the soil, and give little or nothing back. We must have grass and grain; and to turn the grass and grain to best and most profitable account, we must have stock to feed and fatten and sell, and supply our own wants instead of buying; to convert the grass, and straw and corn fodder into manure to feed the land they came from.

We have heard it said that with pork at six cents a pound and corn at seventy-five cents a bushel, it will not pay to raise pork, that it is cheaper to buy it; and there are some who will probably say it is cheaper to buy horses and mules than to raise them, or to buy butter than to make it. People who pursue this practice evidently believe so. If we have no pasturage for stock, of course it is cheaper to buy than attempt to raise. If we have no ranges for hogs and no land that will yield corn in sufficient quantities to pay the labor of cultivation and fatten the hogs, it will be cheaper to buy meat than than to raise it. Of course we must have the foundation to build upon or we cannot build. But with grass to feed stock and stock to eat grass, the problem is solved and success becomes only a matter of short time.

We know a plantation in Rockingham county which the proprietor sold years ago to the present owner at a nominal price, because it was so poor that he could not make a living upon it. Clover redeemed that land so that it brought crops of wheat, oats, and corn that would have been regarded as extraordinary on the fertile lands of the Mississippi valley; and we know another farm within two miles of the city of Charlotte, which the present owner bought as "old field," which to-day is one of the finest plantations in the South, the yield in wheat, oats, corn, &c., being almost incredible, and which could not be bought to-day for \$200 an acre. It was a worn out old field, but grass and barnyard manure have made it a marvel of fertility. Neither of these farms had any special advantages. They were about on an average with the lands surrounding them, some of which are too poor now to grow army beans, and will be so until intelligence and industry take hold of them and call them back to life.

Agriculturally speaking, the salvation of the South is in grass and stock, meadows and herds. This means and will result in enriched lands, one acre producing what it now takes two or three acres to produce, larger and better grain crops and plenty of meat, not only to supply the home demand, but

with large surplus to ship to other parts.

We notice with pleasure that many of our more progressive farmers are taking this view of it, and that while there is a steady increase in the number of stock raised, there is also a decided improvement in the quality, numbers of fine blooded stock having been introduced, whose offspring now may be found on many farms. Let the good work go on.

The farmer that sows the most grass seed and raises the most stock is doing the most to advance the prosperity of his section and teach his brother farmers the way to success and independence.

SELF-MADE MEN.

This country has furnished numerous examples of what are called self-made men, in all the professions and all the walks of life, that is men who rise to eminence by their indomitable energy and by their own efforts. Perhaps the most remarkable of these now figuring upon the public stage is Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, the youngest member of the Senate, but thirty-eight years of age. He was a farmer's son. At the age of fourteen he took a musket, entered the Confederate army and served gallantly till he was mustered out at the surrender. He then went back to the farm, but found time to study, read law and passed the bar. His industry, his ability and his high character were recognized and he rapidly rose from one position to another, until he reached the United States Senate in less than twenty years after he laid down his musket to return to the plow, a poor boy with little education and no influential friends to aid him, hewing his own way, unaided, in the face of obstacles that would have deterred others of less resolute mould. He is to-day looked upon as one of the ablest and most brilliant men in the Senate, eloquent in speech and, though young in years, wise in council.

A farmer's club has been organized at Wake Forest, with the following officers: President, W. M. Rogers; Treasurer, G. E. Gill; Secretary, Jno. C. Caddell; Corresponding Secretary, G. T. Pritchard. They have a membership of seventeen, of which six are college graduates. No one is admitted except by petition.

The chaplain in Congress prayed very fervently for the bereaved wife and children of the deceased Congressman, ex-Governor Hahn, of Louisiana, who died in Washington last week. The reverend gentleman was apparently forgetful of the fact that Mr. Hahn was a bachelor, who left no bereaved wife and children to mourn him.

Congressmen Reid and Henderson, of this State, have jointly drafted resolutions instructing the committee on education in the House to report to the house for action the Blair educational bill, passed the Senate, and which the committee had decided to postpone action upon until the second Monday in April, which was equivalent to the strangulation of the measure.

The House committee on expenditures in the Department of Justice has reported a bill providing that U. S. marshals, district attorneys and clerks of U. S. courts shall be paid fixed salaries instead of fees, the marshals to receive \$3,000 the attorneys \$5,000 and the clerks not more than \$3,000, with a few exceptions where a large amount of work is required.

Our friend J. McEllington, of Osgood, Chatham county, writes us that a farmer's club was organized there last week and bids fair to become a large and flourishing one. The farmers in that section are awake and progressive. Similar clubs are to be formed in Harnett and Anson counties. Let the good work go on until not a county in the State is without one or more such clubs.

A correspondent asks of us the cheapest way to clear land of stumps. We do not know the cheapest. There are a number of methods suggested, such as blowing up with powder, boring holes in the stumps, filling with salt peter, etc., and there are also a number of machines for pulling them out, some cheap ones. Some of our readers, perhaps, can turn some light on this subject by giving us their experience. We would be glad to hear from them.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

AN OLD HISTORIC LANDMARK.

Brown's Cross Roads, about midway between High Point and Ashboro—the "watering place" for jaded horse and thirsty driver, was once the county-seat of Randolph, and was called Johnsonville. Near by stands a small, unpainted, dilapidated wooden building whose timeworn and decayed condition places it on the list of our old landmarks. It was once the County Court House, and witnessed an incident which invests it with historic interest. One day a young man of modest but dignified bearing; of obscure parentage and who had toiled and labored through adversity, walked into this little building with his license, fresh from the Supreme Court, and was sworn in as a full fledged attorney to practice in the Courts of North Carolina. Little did the Judge who administered the oath or those who witnessed it, think that this was the beginning of a career that should be crowned with the highest honor that could be conferred by the people of this country and give to the world and to history, the immortal name of Andrew Jackson.

AN OLD STAGE HOUSE.

Who that ever rode a day on one of the old time stage coaches, with "jolly good" companions can forget it? The driver, the horses, the coach, the roads, were ever ready and fruitful themes for discussion, and the ever changing scenes enlivened and sharpened the wits of the passengers, and many were the lasting and faithful friendships, thus formed. One of the essential qualifications of a good driver was his skillful performance on his long tin bugle. Perched on his lofty seat—four in hand, with all the lordly dignity and pride of a Bonner or a Vanderbilt, his approach to the village or the post office or the breakfast or dinner house, was signalled by the clear ringing crack of his long whip, followed by the shrill and inspiring notes of his bugle! What interest hangs around these old Way-side Inns! But they are nearly all gone. The venerable Woughtown House still stands. It looks like a huge barn in its style. Has forty-eight windows. The same roof that was put on in 1804 remains. The shingles were put on with nails that were made in a blacksmith shop.

A COUNTRY STORE IN 1799—WHAT THEY SOLD AND HOW THEY SOLD IT—A LEAF FROM THEIR LEDGER.

Messrs. Tomlinson Bros., at Bush Hill, have in their possession an old Ledger which they kindly permitted us to peruse. The paper is heavy and rough, and ruled with pen and ink. The style of writing was beautiful, clear and neat and as bright as if but recently done. The spelling is in keeping with all the quaint things to be found in the old relic. Everything is charged in pounds, shillings and pence. Rum, rum, rum, is found on every page and in almost every man's account. For the benefit of our young friends we give a few of the articles sold and the prices paid for them:

Sugar 75c; powder \$2.50; calico \$3.00 per yard (twas about that time that our grand-mother gave a cow and calf for a "dress pattern" of calico); a fine hat \$17.50; tooth brush \$1.25; knee-buckles \$1.00; a paper of pins 60c; bed ticking \$1.30; 1 pair rose blankets \$21.00; 1 pewter dish \$6.25; shot \$2.00 per pound; 6 pewter spoons \$1.75; brimstone 50c per pound; cotton cards \$3.00; fine gray broad cloth, scarlet, do., and black do., \$17.25 per yard; nankeen \$2.00 per yard; 1 nutmeg \$1; black pepper \$2.00 per pound; scythe blade \$4.00; 1 quire paper 75c; 1 set green edge plates \$2.00; tea \$2.50 per pound; 1 tumbler \$1; rum \$6.00 per gallon; 1 pound coffee \$1.12; 1 horse whip \$6.50; 2 gallon jug \$3.75; 2,000 ten-penny nails \$100.00; 1 pair cotton hose \$6.25; 1 weeding hoe \$3.00.

The goods were hauled on wagons from Petersburg, Virginia, and the charges were heavy—"for hauling 2 casks nails, 425 pounds, \$12.00.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

"And you live in Winston?" he enquired. "Well I should really like to visit Salem again. Forty-years ago I was a printer in that good old town, under the elder Blum. At that time the town had one hatter, one shoemaker, one blacksmith, one lawyer, one baker, one gunsmith, two doctors, two

small stores, and two jewelers. I shall never forget a most curious clock, owned by the shoemaker and which was a wonderful piece of mechanism. Yes, and we had one dresser of skins, who dressed all kinds and the old ladies of the country would come in and buy them to make gloves which they sold." "We boys," he continued, "used to go up on the hills just beyond the town and gather chinquapins. But mighty changes have taken place since then," and the old man looked more thoughtful and serious as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

—Bush Hill is one of the neatest and most beautiful of our villages. The residences, the business houses, the mills all indicate substantial thrift, and their arrangement, together with the neatly laid-out flower gardens and streets, and well cultivated vegetable gardens and farms, indicate industry and intelligence. We had time only to visit a few of its leading industries. The large mill of W. C. Petty & Co., which is supplied with all needful machinery for manufacturing doors, sash, blinds, shutters, &c., and which find a market all over the country. The large tannery of Tomlinson Bros., which turns out about \$20,000 per year, and where they make splendid shoes for men, women, and children for the wholesale and retail markets. The *Prohibition Leader*, published here by Messrs. Tomlinson & Jones, has a neat little office and is as bold and hopeful as if it had a quarter of a million subscribers. "What will be the policy of the *Leader* as to the two political parties?" we enquired. "Respecting them, it has no policy. It is waging war for a great principle, and the lessons of the past teach us, if we expect to succeed we must depend on the friends of prohibition and not on political parties."

—Randolph county is one hundred and seventy years old, and named in honor of the illustrious Virginia family of that name, while its county seat took its name from the chivalric and patriotic family of Ashes which has always been so proudly cherished by the good people of the Cape Fear region. The county is over half the size of the State of Rhode Island. It produces more wheat and Irish potatoes and has more sheep than any county in the State, and doesn't owe a dollar, but has money in the treasury. It is embraced in a territory which, bounded by the N. C. R. R., the C. C. R. R., the R. & A. R. and the C. F. & Y. V. R. R., is equal in extent to the State of Connecticut, and in natural resources, fertile soils, splendid timbers, magnificent water powers and mines of unexplored mineral wealth is not surpassed by any section of equal area in the State, if in the whole South, and yet this vast and fruitful field is without a Railroad!

—Mrs. R. B. Vance, wife of ex-Congressman, now assistant commissioner of patents, R. B. Vance, died in Washington city last Friday. She had been in ill health for some time. Her remains were buried Monday, in Asheville.

—We have heard all our lives that "a man never loses anything by politeness." We think we know several who certainly never lost anything in that way. And you are sure to find some of them on every train.

—Rev. J. K. Connally, of Asheville, and wife, were on board the steamer Oregon, which sank so suddenly off Long Island last Sunday week. The passengers on board the steamer had barely time to get into the boats. Their baggage went to the bottom with the ship.

—Now is the time to attend to your peach trees and guard them against the ravages of their worst enemy—the bore-worm. The best and simplest preventive, is wood ashes. Rake away the earth carefully from the trunk, until the top roots are exposed. Put a quart to half a gallon wood ashes immediately around the base of the tree; then rake the earth back covering the ashes entirely. The ashes are not only good for this purpose, but are a splendid fertilizer for the trees. If limbs have been broken or killed by the frosts and sleets, trim them away carefully. Do not plough deep enough to tear and break the roots.